

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



Play Well Your Part

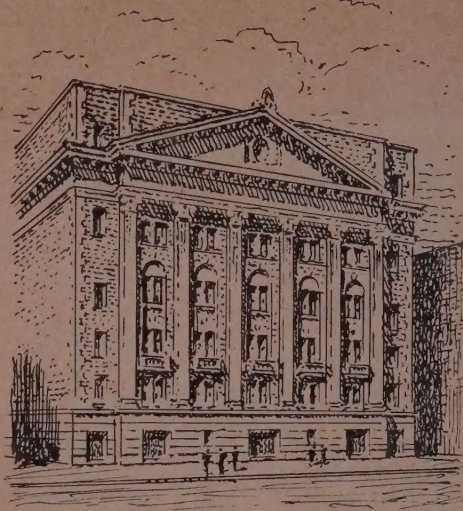
By Grenville Kleiser

PLAY your part in the warfare against evil, ignorance, and greed, by eliminating these factors from your personal life.

Public opinion is the aggregate of individual opinion. What you think, what you say, how you act, in your private capacity, is having its due effect upon the common welfare. You influence the world for good as you practice simplicity, kindness, nobility, integrity, and generosity in your daily intercourse with men.

You render true service, and hasten the brotherhood of man, whenever you discountenance and discourage sensationalism, costly luxuries, undue excitement, and the feverish quest for money. Simplicity and sincerity are divine qualities, leading to fineness and beauty of life.

There Be Light"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

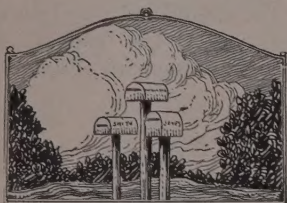


Vol. XIX

JANUARY, 1943

Number 10

AN APPRECIATION



Did you ever have the joy of receiving literally two bushel baskets of Christmas cards? Well, we did, and it was a great expression of love and thoughtfulness. There were cards, hundreds of them, from everywhere, and of every kind and description. We loved every one of them. We have no facilities for expressing a personal acknowledgment. Will those who remembered us accept this as an expression of our appreciation?

All during the holiday week we spent every spare moment opening cards. From the humblest to the most elaborate and ornate they were equally significant. It is always an inspiration to be remembered.

To all of you we send our most heartfelt desire that the year ahead may be one of greater achievement and happiness than any you have ever known. You are of our lives a part and we could not go on without your love and affection. May life's finest gifts always come your way.

Grace and Preston Bradley.

TO OUR RADIO FRIENDS

IN behalf of the Board of Trustees and the members of the church, and the Woman's Club, I want to thank you for your contributions and donations to the work of the church, and especially to the annual Bazaar, which was a particularly successful one for this war year. Every donation sent was personally acknowledged, and if you did not receive such acknowledgment will you write me to that effect? Our radio friends were most responsive. Donations of value and character were graciously given. The attendance at the Bazaar for the two days, considering the condition of the weather and gas rationing was very

large and the buying most active. The luncheons and dinners were well patronized.

I was present both nights and was able to meet many radio friends who before were but names to me. I covet every opportunity of personal contact with the radio listeners. They are always welcome at any of the services and I wish you would tarry after the service and let me know you. I can always be found at the foot of the steps leading into the vestry at the left of the pulpit.

The church and the allied organizations are deeply grateful for your loyalty and support. Preston Bradley.

HE LIVED A LIFE

What was his Creed?

I do not know his Creed, I only know

That here below he walked the Common Road

And lifted many a load, lightened the task,

Brightened the day for others toiling on a weary way,—

This—his only need. I do not know his Creed.

What was his Creed? I never heard him speak

Of visions rapturous, of Alpine peak,

Of doctrine, dogma, new or old;

But this I know, he was forever bold

To stand alone, to face the challenge of each day,

And live the Truth, so far as he could see—

The Truth that evermore makes free.

His Creed? I do not know his Creed;

Enough that never yielded he to greed,

But served a brother in his daily need;

Plucked many a thorn and planted many a flower;

Glorified the service of each hour;

Had faith in God, himself and fellow-men;

Perchance he never thought in terms of Creed;

I only know he lived a life, in deed.

—Author Unknown.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—7:30 o'clock

FEBRUARY BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock sharp.

February 3rd—"A Time For Greatness"—Herbert Agar

February 10th—"Generation of Vipers"—Philip Wylie.

February 17th—"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"—Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

February 25th—"Let the People Know"—Norman Angell.

RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the

studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.

INDIAN CHILDREN CAN USE YOUR OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS

BEEN wondering what to do with all those beautiful greeting cards you received this Christmas?

"Don't burn them or throw them into the waste basket! Save them for the Indian boys and girls in Arizona. The children and their teachers study

and work over the cards. They make scrap books and derive knowledge from the pictures and the verses.

"Send all the used greeting cards you can to the Confirmation of Christian Doctrine Mission, 20 West Ochoa, Tucson, Arizona, and mark the package 'Missionary Christmas Cards.'"

"ALWAYS ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, December 27, 1942

A RADIO listener this week sent me a very interesting little clipping which I am going to pass on to you. Apparently, he found it after I announced the subject of the talk this morning on "Attempting the Impossible," and after I had worked on the address and thought about the things that I should like to say to you on the subject, this fits so perfectly into the thought that I had that I must share it with you, and I am very grateful to this radio listener for sending it to me.

Probably some of you men, who are interested in the field of aerodynamics, are familiar with the magazine called "Power" and in the December issue, 1942, of this magazine appeared this clipping or quotation which was sent to me. It is called "Bumblebee"—I might have to explain to some of you city folks what a bumblebee is, but if you had been brought up in the country you would know. I have had personal contact and intimate relations with these little buzzing institutions.

Now, over in Detroit near that part of Michigan where I came from, and where I hope to have sense enough some day to go back, there is a General Motors plant and there is a sign in that General Motors plant which reads like this: "According to the theory of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through wind-tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body in relation to his wing spread make flying impossible, but the bumblebee, being ignorant of these scientific truths,

goes ahead and flies anyway, and makes a little honey every day."

If I did not say any more than that, that is sermon enough for the morning, and it is quite sufficient in its demonstration of a great truth so that any application is almost unnecessary. Here you have theory against fact. Here you have scientific knowledge based on a very intricate and involved science of resistance, the shape and the influence of the shape on that resistance under wing capacity; you have everything, and science looks at the little bumblebee and says: "You are out of line! Everything about you is wrong. Your body is too big, your wing spread is not right, the shape of your body does not conform to aerodynamics. You poor, little, simple, silly buzzer, you cannot fly, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!" And so, the little bumblebee takes off and flies ten, fifteen or twenty miles, and there have been recorded instances where he may have flown as far as fifty miles to the source from which he obtained that which he brought back to the hive. The little bumblebee kept on flying. What did he do? Why, he just did the impossible.

There are a lot of people in this world like that. They are so profound, so involved, so intricate, so scholarly, so authentic in their scientific precision, so definite in their ability to take fundamental laws and apply those laws to a given condition and then stand back and watch it work—they are the people who say: "Don't try it, why! that's impossible!" What's the truth of the matter? Why, the truth of the matter is that everything that has

been of any value to this world, everything which has added beauty, dignity and worth to humanity, art, science, literature, poetry, everything that has been of great value to the promotion of the finest things of the human heart and brain, have been done by men and women who attempted the impossible and who would not permit any mountain, any barrier, any obstacle, anything, to stand in the way.

I could give you today a thousand examples. I could preach a lifetime on the kind of people who attempt the impossible. Now we are at the time when this old year is almost gone and 1943 is on the way. 1942, what a year! And at this time of the year somehow it is a time of retrospection and introspection, too, and we look back, back over these years that have passed, years that have gone so quickly. Why, time seemed to stand still when I was young; it never seemed to get anywhere. Christmas was so far away, never seemed to get to it, and then when it was over the time seemed endless until it came back again. That is not quite true any more, not quite true. Now it flies. We hardly get through one season when we are right into it again, and somehow that sort of stabs us into a consciousness that with this rapidly passing time there is less, and less, and less of opportunity to see the full fruition of our dreams and our hopes.

I am thinking about it these days. Why, I was only 23 when I came to this pulpit; 23 years old when I preached my first sermon in this church, and the dreams and hopes were so brilliant and so beautiful . . . there they stood with a loveliness and charm and winsomeness and they said, "You will see us in reality some day." It was youth-time with plenty of time, and now, now, with the passing of the years and with the deepening of time,

I keep asking myself "Where are those dreams? What has happened to those ideals?" Never for one moment, no matter what has been accomplished or what we have done, have we ever rested on those accomplishments. There was always the lure of the impossible. Then there would be a little realization, naturally, like realizing the dream of our own Church, our own building, our own pulpit, our own organ, OURS, without the feeling that we were renting the place somewhere and were told when we could come in and when we could go out, where it was difficult to cultivate and create an environment of worship. When this dream came true it seemed so impossible, so impossible because there was no money, there was no endowment, there was nothing except the dream in those early, early years; but when this dream came true, the impossible still lured with all the attractiveness and appealing force, and it still lures today, for the glory and the joy of attempting the impossible is to be found in the fact that when it becomes the possible, the impossible is recreated again.

When we come to the end of the year they call it "inventory" time. Merchants will be at their shelves, they will be opening doors and drawers, they will be ascertaining, "What do I owe? Why did this article move more rapidly? Why is there so much of this left? What can I do in anticipating future factors? How much dare I buy? What is it that I cannot buy?" Inventory time; looking back across the year and putting the microscope of self-examination upon that year, and then again attempting the impossible.

In the early days of my own ministry, the first church which I had was really three little churches; two of them were log churches, one had been rebuilt from an abandoned county court house in a little town 26 miles

from a railroad. I used to preach in each one of those three churches every Sunday. Every Sunday I used to drive about 26 miles to do it. Every Sunday I rode horseback in the summer and drove a boxsleigh in the winter. I did that for \$30 a month. That was not much of a salary, but I was not much of a preacher, and all the time I was thinking, dreaming, that maybe some day my chance would come. I knew that the work of the Lord had to be done in the little log churches, and I knew it had to be done in the little remodeled white church building that seated about 50 people, and when I spoke to those little congregations of 16 or 17 people up there in the woods a long ways from even a railroad I knew that that work had to be done, but something was glowing in my soul, a dream had possessed me, and when a dream possesses one, things happen. The dull, the stoical, the kind of life that does not know the dream, has missed much of life. And a dream possessed me, and I could see you, I could see you seated in this Church, I could look into your faces, I could see this place filled to overflowing, your faces, your eyes, your hearts, your sorrows, your smiles, your friendships! A dream, forty years ago, possessed me, and every sermon in the little log church and in the little remade building was preached to you. The dream lived, and one day my chance came, and coming to Chicago as a student, riding on the train to the little church out here at Custer Park, where I was preaching as a student, just outside of Chicago . . . and there are radio listeners in Custer Park today who remember this . . . I sat down beside a man and he engaged me in conversation, and he said, "What do you do?" I said, "Well, I am a student, I want to be a minister and I am preaching in a little student church out here in

the country." "Well," he said, "Why don't you come and accept an invitation to preach in a church with which I have something to do in Chicago?" I said, "Do you think I could ever have that opportunity?" I could see the impossible taking shape. He gave me that opportunity; I preached my first sermon in a city church and I have never missed in all this time the realization of that dream—Attempting the Impossible. I was doing it in the woods, I was doing it in the little country church, and now at the close of this year in this great and beloved church of my life, it is still the lure of the impossible, never resting, never at ease, never saying: "Look! Look, what we have done! Look, what we have accomplished!" That is the way to stagnation. I never turn the knob and open the door of my vestry and walk into my pulpit but what every step of the way I breathe a prayer to God, and I say, "God, I am on trial. No matter how many sermons in the past, and no matter how many thousands of people have come and gone, no matter what has happened, I am on trial, I am dealing with human souls, human hearts; they are breaking, they are snapping, they are lonely, they are fighting hard, many of them," and the voice says: "Attempt the impossible! Don't deviate! The mountains are leveling, the barriers are going, go through and out and up into the high areas of that which the world may say is impossible!"

Had Fulton listened to the criticisms, the jeering, the fun-making from the people on the shores of the Hudson, there would have been no mighty leviathans of the sea to carry the commerce of the world. Fulton did not listen to their laughter and their cynicism; he gave the world the steamboat. Men said "You cannot build a fire on a ship without burning up the

boat; where are you going to get the steam?" and the cold, practical scientist said, "It can't be done," and made fun of him, but Fulton gave us the steamboat.

What if Morse and Bell and Edison had listened to the bickering voices that stood on the sidelines and said to them: "Idiots, fools, cracked inventors, you are attempting the impossible!" When Orville Wright and his brother, in Dayton, stayed off the ground 1½ minutes in a crude crate of an airship, an old citizen of Dayton stood on the corner of the field and said: "Haw! Haw! Look at them! The thing is busted! Hain't nobody ever going to fly, and if anybody ever does fly it hain't going to be nobody from Dayton." Had the Wright Brothers listened to him it would have been a different world. They attempted the impossible.

Thomas Edison, with only two or three hours' sleep a day for more than three years, said: "How am I going to get this little piece of wire into the shell of that glass and into a vacuum? I know the principle is right, I know that that wire will burn, and I know it will give light," and they laughed at him, and the scientist said, "Don't you know that you cannot get light without heat?" and "don't you know that if you get enough light to do what you want to do, everything connected with it would melt?" And science laid down a principle of law, just as they did with the bumblebee, that you cannot get light unless you get heat, a principle which has never been rescinded. Edison said, "I know I am attempting the impossible, but I know it can be done," and he did not pay any attention to the laughter, and the sneers, and the criticisms; and the analogy holds true in the realm of morals, ethics, religion, art, music. The voice said, "Stop the mighty slave

trade of the British Empire!" They said it could not be done. It was done! Abraham Lincoln hazarded his whole political career, his future, even his life, on a moral issue when his advisors said to him, "Don't tear up the Constitution, don't violate the Declaration of Independence! Compromise! Compromise! Lincoln, you are attempting the impossible!" That's what they said to Lincoln, "You cannot do it, Mr. Lincoln, it is impossible!" and Lincoln said, "It can be done, it *SHALL* be done," and the rest is history.

Don't you be afraid of the jittery crowd around you with their sophistication and cleverness who laugh and make fun of you because you have dreams, and hopes, and ideals. Young man, don't you be afraid because mediocrity snaps at your heels, a mediocrity that hasn't any right to even tie your shoe laces. They have never accomplished anything themselves, they have never done anything with life; they may become powerful, they may become strong, they may become mighty; they cannot touch your soul! Have the courage to stand up, think the thing that has not been thought of, do the thing that has not been done! Let them laugh and snap at your heels! Youth of today, let your dreams of the impossible dominate, vibrate, thrill through your life, and life will take on an increasing charm and a great significance! Don't be afraid of criticisms! Let them harp; don't be afraid! Let dogs bark at lions, but you remain a "lion." All the progress, all the advance, all the civilization, all the beauty, all the goodness, all the truth the world has ever known, has come from men and women who attempted the impossible.

Let this be my last word to you this year, the last broadcast of our Church for 1942. Twelve long months, a changed America; America none of us

has ever known, a different America: 1942. A future that we cannot penetrate, an unknownness that hangs like a thin veil fabric across our vision, but DREAMS and HOPES are not dead. Age may bring the slowing up of life; we may change as the years pass, but DREAMS will always be young, and HOPE will always be dynamic, and let this be the last word of mine to you as 1942 dies: Youth, you who will come through and live the fifty years ahead, I shall know perhaps only a small fraction of you. My work, my voice, my life, is inevitably paying the penalty of time. That I know, but my heart, my soul, is as young as this morning's raindrop, and to you who will have the youth, and the strength, the brain, the heart, when this ghastly thing called "war" is finished, attempt the impossible in your day and in your hour. They will tell you that you cannot build a world of peace. All right, GO AHEAD AND BUILD IT! you youth of tomorrow. They will tell you that you cannot build an economic and industrial order that shall give the maximum amount of life and its fullness to all the people. They will tell you that? All right, GO AHEAD AND

BUILD IT! They will tell you that you cannot make a world where the rights of minorities and the decencies of all men will be respected; they will tell you it cannot be done, these howling, bickering cynics snapping at your heels! Ah, you are young; tell them they lie; GO AHEAD AND BUILD IT!

Youth of America, Youth of the World, ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE! I may not be out in the fray with you; I may not be able to run any goals or make any touchdowns, but if there is life in this body I will hobble out to the sidelines and you will hear me cheering, and right in the midst of your glorious battle, when you are making the impossible work, you will hear a little, old man with his blood running a little thin, and his hair gone, in a little, squeaky voice, hollering above the crowd: "Attaboy! Go to it!"—that will be Preston Bradley.

ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE! BRING THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON THIS EARTH! They have been telling you a thousand years, "It can't be done!" My last word to you is: "IT CAN!"

BROADCAST ON CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S ADDRESS

GIVEN BY DR. BRADLEY ON RADIO STATION WGN DECEMBER 21ST, 1942

(Published by Popular Request)

 GOOD EVENING: Sunday afternoon is about the only time I have during the whole week for my radio listening. Fortunately it is also one of the finest periods of radio in all the week. When one has become a little weary of round-table argu-

ments, forum debates, and speeches of one sort or another, one can usually find some quiet voice offering inspiration, or some magnificent symphony bringing the beauty of great music.

It remained for me to have an experience last Sunday afternoon by way

of the radio which I shall always consider the greatest radio address I have ever heard and one which I shall never forget. Were you listening at 3:30 on Sunday afternoon? I imagine many of my listeners tonight were, and you will know that what I am now saying is no exaggeration. I had been listening to a lot of arguing and round-about-the-bush talk, when, promptly at 3:30, an announcer said "This is the Army Hour, and we take you now to New York, to the home of Capt. Rickenbacker, who will speak to you." No forced enthusiasm, no flowery, extravagant introduction, no pressure, just—"We now take you to the home of Capt. Rickenbacker." Capt. Rickenbacker has a higher rank but prefers to use his title of the great war in 1917-'18. Well, it was an unforgettable experience and anyone who missed it missed one of the most dramatic radio events in the history of radio.

Quietly, impressively, slowly, and with that all-too-rare conversational method—you would almost think that Capt. Rickenbacker sat in your own home, telling you, with unconscious artistry and without effort, the most dramatic story in many ways this war has yet produced. Not once was there any evidence of heroics; not one syllable of pride or boasting; not one sentence of criticism; not one line of regret. No utterance from the lips of any man I know in public or private life has revealed a more basic and beautiful quality of character than breathed and vibrated in every syllable of what Eddie Rickenbacker told us on Sunday. His voice at moments portrayed the depth of his inner emotions, and yet there were no histrionics, no straining for dramatic effect; it was all so genuine, and so true—so basic—so eternal! The effect on the men in the outposts of our war who listened by short-wave must have been tremendous

—men who knew how true was every word he spoke. It will go down in the history of this war for all the ages, and will be immortalized as the great American saga. For time immemorial this story will be read and told. It is more than an episode of the sea; it is the inner revelation of what happens to men when they are face to face with what seems inevitable death, and how they adjust their thinking, their relationships to each other, and how they perform those traditional and beautiful customs which death brings. Nothing ever remains with one more vividly than a burial at sea. I conducted a service of a burial at sea once on the Steamship "Washington," which stopped one Sunday in the eastern Atlantic, as we consigned to the waters of the deep a former sea captain, Captain Schmidt, who had traversed that route many times and who desired to be buried in his ocean.

The simple artistry of Captain Rickenbacker's portrayal of the story makes it profoundly great. Without embellishment or adornment, without one unnecessary word, it assumes the proportions of classical utterance. You could see him divide those four oranges into eight parts each day for five days—all the food eight people had. You could hear them read the passages from the Good Book in their moments of prayer, which they established on the second day of the adventure. Among the eight was almost every shade of religious belief: two fine Roman Catholic boys; the others had no particular religious emphasis, while Captain Rickenbacker himself said that his religion had always been the Golden Rule. But in their extremity they learned to pray, and when from out the blue a sea gull rested on his head, it was easy to believe that the Infinite God really cared. This is not the first time the seagull has become the symbol

of hope, for in Salt Lake City the seagull has been immortalized in a statue by the Mormons, who, at a time when starvation seemed inevitable for them because insects were eating their crops, were saved from that fate by thousands of gulls suddenly appearing and saving their grain, and the gull has become a symbol, like the ancient manna. The address was not without its touch of humor, as indeed, in all, even the most tragic experiences, there is frequently a humorous situation. Rickenbacker told us that in those days of watching and hoping and praying, the men bared their souls to each other, and he became a sort of Father Confessor of the men, and then he added: "I didn't get time to start on my own failures. If I had I might be talking yet."

For one who has seen the smashed bodies of men on an automobile race track; for one who has had experience after experience when death seemed but just a moment away, the hardest thing which he ever had to go through was his decision, confirmed by the two witnesses in his little rubber raft, that one of their number had met the greatest adventure of all, while tenderly and with a prayer, they slipped his body from the raft into the deep. Moments like those are planted indelibly on the soul.

I have thought since Sunday that if his words could be published in a simple pamphlet by the millions, and distributed all over this earth, it would have an effect as great as flying fortresses, as powerful as military divisions of men. Here is reality! And then he said that if the men in Guadalcanal and in the deserts of Africa could change places with those in the factories of America, and the factory workers could go to the jungle and the desert, production in America would increase in almost miraculous propor-

tions. If some of us who are inclined to grumble and complain about what we are called upon to do and sacrifice, could have floated for days in that uncomfortable, cramped raft, without rest, without food, without water, in the blistering and blinding heat, I wonder how we would feel about our insignificant disturbances of our usual manner of living—our sacrifices in food, or transportation, or dollars. If we think the war is hard and difficult in Chicago or in Washington, what do you think it is on the trackless waste of a great ocean, or in the snake-infested jungles of New Guinea?

When Captain Rickenbacker had finished, I sat for a moment silent, and vowed that never again, no matter what I had to go through with, or what the war would mean to me or mine, would one word of complaint ever pass my lips. We do not know what destiny finally awaits Captain Rickenbacker, but this we do know, that his name has been written high in the sky of America's hopes and dreams, and shall be remembered as long as men pay homage to great souls and great heroes. And I know you join with me in wishing him a Christmas of incomparable happiness with his loved ones and his friends.

The poet William Wordsworth has voiced the feeling of my heart tonight. He might have written it about Capt. Rickenbacker:

Live, and take comfort. Thou shalt
leave behind
Powers that will work for thee: air,
earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common
wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great
allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love, and man's unconquerable
mind. —Good night.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

NOW that we have passed the holidays like milestones and have come to the top of the hill—1942 lies back of us, a scarred road with many black spots and rough places. It has been a difficult year, fraught with keen anxiety and deep sorrow to many, many people, one that no adult having lived through it will ever forget.

The trail untried leads ahead through 1943. May we meet each turn and hazard (for there will be some!) with fortitude, walking with shoulders back, chins up—courageously—hopefully—till we reach the open field in the bright sunshine of a new day—a place called *Peace!*

A good many years ago a man named Paul P. Harris founded what has been known ever since as Rotary Club, carrying out his ideals for brotherhood and reciprocity. Dr. Bradley was one of the first members of the first chapter in Chicago and he and Mr. Harris have been friends ever since. He was very pleased indeed to receive this message from Paul Harris recently:

"Dear Preston:

This is to let you know that my Scotch Jean and I have rearranged our dinner hour so as to be with you on WGN every night at 6:00 p.m. As you know, I am a friendly philosopher in a way, myself.

Jean says send her appreciation of your timely philosophy during this trying period.

Sincerely yours,

Paul P. Harris.

We are all thrilled by the deeds of daring that our heroes are doing on the war fronts, in the sea, in the air and on the land, but we should not be surprised, because their mothers are showing such bravery and courage that it is not to be wondered at they should bear heroic sons. We receive many letters from such mothers and we deem it an honor to hear from them. Mrs. Engle of Indiana, writes as follows:

"Though for years I've heard you frequently and received such aids-for-the-art-of-living from your many fine and encouraging thoughts, your talk on the 'adventure' side of life last evening struck such a very responsive chord in my mind. To me, life *is* such an adventure, such a challenge, so interesting and intriguing to meet and *not* be afraid of.

My son in camp takes life much the same way. I said 'in camp' but he is no longer 'in camp,' I take it, since his last letter was dated Oct. 17, in California, his address is through the San Francisco Postmaster, and he'd been writing me twice a week regularly. So-o-o-o—I'm glad he *does* take life as an adventure.

I trust I'm not asking too much and will understand if you cannot grant the request, but oh! how I wish I could get a copy of your talk and *especially the poem* to send to him. It seems to me it would help him so.

Yours on the line each evening at six."

And here is one from another mother, Mrs. Huber, of Illinois, who is

trying bravely to carry on:

"I would be so glad if you would mail me a copy of the poem you gave at the close of your broadcast of Monday evening. Your messages are always a comfort to me. They bring me courage and inspiration after hearing so much of what is offered on the radio, and in the newspapers.

"Maybe it is because my only son, just 21, located somewhere in the southwest Pacific, completed his three-year enlistment recently that I think I must have that poem.

"In order that I may not think of him too much of my time, I've tried learning poems and repeating them when I feel too anxious about him. And what a list I have now! You often give one that is familiar to me; and it makes me stronger to know someone else appreciates poetry that I do.

"I'll thank you sincerely for the trouble of sending me the little poem and will be listening for more inspiration from your fine broadcasts."

It is nice to know that so many people are finding solace and inspiration from poetry. The following is another friendly letter regarding a poem which Dr. Bradley used on a broadcast. This comes from a Mrs. Wilcox of Chicago:

"For several years I have been a devoted listener to your broadcasts. Before I moved to the south side of Chicago, I attended your church many times and always enjoyed your sermons.

"While listening to your program tonight I was delighted to hear you end your talk with the poem 'Be the Best of Whatever You Are.' I learned this poem when I was in third or fourth grade. Now I have two little girls and I would like to teach it to them. The thoughts that are given in this poem, even though I could not remember it

line for line, have helped me very much when things did not go smoothly. I always remembered my teacher saying, 'No matter how tough the way may seem, 'Be the Best of Whatever You Are.''" You mentioned the poet's name, but I did not understand it. I had to memorize a lot of poetry during my twelve years of school and this poem has impressed me most. Can you tell me where I can get a copy of the poem for myself and children?

"Your devoted listener."

A little while ago Dr. Bradley spoke of the great possibilities of the Pan-American Highway, following which he received this message:

"We certainly appreciated your radio program regarding the peacetime possibilities of the Alaska portion of the Pan-American Highway. This brings to mind the future building and continuation of the highway between the Americas, which was found to be possible by our son and brother, Richard Tewkesbury, who explored the Darien section of Panama. It is possible that he may appear on the Hobby Lobby program soon.

"We certainly are interested in the completion of the Pan-American Highway.

Mrs. George A. Tewkesbury and
Mrs. Carl I. Thompson."

Bushels of mail, letters and cards, were received by Dr. Bradley and me at holiday time. We greatly appreciate every one of them and thank you most sincerely for your kind thought of us. It would be physically impossible to reply to each one and I am sure it is not expected. I hope that this word of appreciation will reach many.

We hope you resolved with the New Year to keep on writing.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE —
BEAM!

December 24, 1942.

Impressive Closure to State Street's Christmas Broadcasts

AT 8:00 P.M. tonight, December 24, 1942, the Christmas broadcasts over State Street's mile-long amplification system will be concluded for another year. An impressive ceremony has been planned for the closing broadcast on this busy retail thoroughfare which has been bustling with unprecedented activity the past few weeks.

Promptly at 7:57 P.M. all street lights on State Street will be turned off for one minute. All traffic will be halted and motors killed (automobile, streetcar, bus). All vehicle lights will be turned out. All lines of transportation are cooperating. Captain David Flynn, Chief of Traffic, will have special traffic officers detailed at each street intersection under his direction. All persons within the hearing of 'The Voice of State Street' will be requested to halt and bow their heads. Then, in the dead stillness of a State Street shrouded in darkness, with those on the Street standing at attention, a prayer will be offered for our armed forces wherever they may be—in this country or abroad. As this moment of solemn reverence is ended, the lights will go on as the strains of 'Silent Night' float through the air and the system will be closed for another year.

When the State Street broadcasting system was opened on December 15, 1942, it was dedicated to our armed forces. It is fitting that, in closing the system, a prayer should be offered to our men who will be uppermost in our

hearts and minds this Christmas, even though they may be far away.

The prayer will be given by Dr. Preston Bradley of the People's Church of Chicago. The text of Dr. Bradley's prayer follows:

'Oh God, Father of Nations and of Men, in the quiet of this Holy Eve and from the heart of our great city we lift our voices in prayer that across the miles of earth and sea and sky thou wilt send thy blessings, thy protection, thy care upon all the brave men in all the far flung outposts of our blessed nation. May they know tonight how much they are missed at home and may we dedicate and consecrate all that we are and have, that their effort and sacrifice shall not be in vain.

'Give them strength and courage to face every danger. Protect them and sustain them with the mighty power of thy love. And when they return to us triumphant and victorious may we be worthy of them by what we have done to sustain and strengthen their righteous cause. May that day speedily dawn which will see the righteousness for which the United Nations of the world are now in the throes of war, spread over the whole world and the people of every creed and faith and race, worship and live together without fear and without hate.

All of this we ask in the name and in the spirit of Bethlehem's Babe, who became the Prince of Peace. May He rule forever in His kingdom of love. Amen.'"

The Liberalist

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

THE beginning of the year is always an opportunity for the prophets and those who predict the shape of things to come. Almost everyone with whom I have spoken in the last few days and almost everyone speaking on the air has been concerned about the year 1943, and everyone has been expressing an opinion about the new year and the war. I am not so much concerned at the moment in making predictions as to what the year 1943 will bring, as I am concerned about how you and I as individuals can meet whatever the year or the future hath. It perhaps isn't so much after all what the year is going to do to us as it is what we are going to do to the year. I do not know whether the European situation will clear up in 1943—I don't think anyone knows; and I don't think anyone knows how long the Pacific situation will take before the Japanese are back on their own islands where they belong. But it does seem somewhat clear that the whole world is shaping up to some kind of a crisis. Just when that crisis will come to its full expression no one

knows and, therefore, it does seem of great importance that as individuals we be competently equipped to meet, as the poet has said, "whatever the future hath of marvel or surprise." It becomes increasingly important that as individuals we become equipped in every possible way to aid in every manner the realization of the dreams and hopes for which our money, our lives and all we are, are being unselfishly and graciously expended.

On this day of resolutions, it is well for us to remember that resolutions are quite all right, but none of them will be of much importance unless we possess resolution as well. We cannot have resolution as we face the year ahead, without courage. Life has never been placid and never will be. It is like a ship which puts down its anchors against the gale, with unseen currents dragging it toward the rocks. All is well as long as the anchors hold, but when they give way, trouble begins. Mustering our courage we put down another anchor and again the ship drifts. Then when we think we have the ship anchored fast, another unseen

current presses against the boat and the anxiety begins all over again. We thought we had turned toward the open sea, where all would be safe, but we did not know that deeper, hidden, treacherous currents crossed our course.

Our ship of life and our ship of state inevitably face those currents; and our hope as we begin this new year is in the mariner and in the anchors. When the tempests roar about us and the sky darkens and the anchor we relied on begins to drag, and the heart you felt was as dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar gives way, no moment calls for greater courage.

Well, if the anchor drags, courage! When the tide turns—courage! When the storm breaks—courage! On the threshold of a new year, courage!! Hold hard to your standards of excellence, and though you may drain the very dregs of sacrifice, keep faith with the best. Some of the most beautiful personalities I have ever known have

been men and women who have refused to let adversity destroy them. Instead they maintained self-respect, fineness and nobility and have kept the sweet graciousness of gentility and the fine amenities of life. This is a good hour to cast aside the past, whatever that past has been. Do not let it tyrannize over you. Let the mistakes and the shortcomings and the failures of yesterday bury themselves. They do not belong to you; they need not control you; they need not have power over you. It is not what a person has been, but it is what they have become that really matters. Let this be a new year in all that it implies.

And so, I pronounce again that fine, strong, noble word "Courage!" Courage for America! For our noble Allies! For all who despise treachery and tyranny and cruelty! For all who believe in freedom! And the worth and dignity of human life! Courage for the New Year to you all! P. B.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Sunday, January 3, 1943:

Miss Hazel Anderson

Miss Margaret Barna

Dr. A. J. Borowski

Mrs. Signa Brownell

Miss Lillian M. Campbell

Miss Rosalie Mary Carlton

(from 1st Congregational Church of
Meford, Minn.)

Mrs. Daisy F. Davis

Miss Mildred Davis

Miss Dennis Frieda

Mr. & Mrs. Fredrick H. Goetz

Mr. Fredrick H. Goetz, Jr.

Mr. & Mrs. Earl Hansen

Mrs. Mary Hart

Miss Esther Landin

Mrs. Alice Magnusen

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Radiske

Mrs. Anna Pike Schifferle

Mr. Robert W. Scholler

Mr. Charles Siebert

Mr. & Mrs. J. Bryant Shoberg

Miss Jean Shoberg

Mr. & Mrs. Harry J. Smith

Mrs. Amelia Chelseth Tetzner



BOOK CHATS

I AM devoting my Book Chats this month to an appeal. The American Red Cross publication, in a recent issue, in introducing the Victory Book Campaign for 1943, ran a headline which said "Praise the Lord and Pass the New Editions." This is a good text for the Book Chats this month, for the 1943 Victory Book Campaign is now under way and will continue through March 5th. Last year we were asked to give ten million books to the men and women in the service of the country. The allotment for the metropolitan area of Chicago was one million books. With justified pride we are enthusiastic about the record which was made last year.

Mr. Carl B. Roden, the librarian of the Chicago Public Library, is the chairman for this year's campaign, and no one better could be chosen. We learned many things in making the drive last year, and there is to be one major change in issuing the appeal for 1943. Last year the call was made for many books and a great many people interpreted this as meaning any books. And so anxious were we to fill the quota that there were some tragic results. Eleven million books were collected and, of these, 50% were discarded as being unsuitable in material and in an unusable condition. This we hope will be avoided in the current effort. It is not merely a *book* which is needed, but a *suitable* book. One of the books sent in last year was "How to Dress a Baby" and another one was "Hints to a Bride," 1902 edition. Many people do not seem to realize that the physical condition of the book is important because they are to be packed and shipped, and experience a

great deal of rough handling before they finally reach the reader.

We were all delighted at the response of our own book lectureship audience when, on a single book-lecture evening, the audience brought more than 1,000 books to the lecture. These books have found their way to Alaska and the Islands of the Pacific. I have had many interesting notes from people reading them in various places in the world, for each book was identified as a gift from the lecture audience of the Peoples Church of Chicago.

An interesting event took place in Norwalk, Connecticut, before the opening of the drive, as a sort of experimental round-up. The theme of "Only Good Books" was emphasized and, with excellent cooperation from Civic organizations, Boy Scouts, Air Raid Wardens and other groups, 17,000 books were donated and only about 2% of the collection was declared unsuitable. If we can maintain this average throughout the nation it will be a triumph. We are hopeful that it will not be just a matter of attic-cleaning and getting rid of old books that are in the way or have accumulated the dust of non-use. Let us think of the potential reader as a person quite like ourselves, which indeed he is. The Army and the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Air Corps, the Merchant Marine, are just a cross-section of American civilian life, and we must think of our military service as such. Just the other day the Navy asked for 5,000 volumes for gun crews on merchant vessels and at training stations. The gun crews wanted recent fiction, adventure, historical novels, biography and travel; and the Army has requested for use in

new Army Air Force bases and training camps and for new regular Army training camps, 150,000 books.

This is a war service in which we can all engage and which is decidedly important.

The Board co-chairmen for the nation are Messrs. Franklin P. Adams, Norman Cousins, Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, and Edward L. Bernays, publicist; and the sponsorship is the same as for the 1942 drive, the American Red Cross, the American Library Association and the United Service Organizations. The national headquarters are located in the Empire State Building in New York City. Each community will work out its own method, taking into consideration its own problems in the national drive, and in most of the cities, as in Chicago, the public libraries will be the focal points of collection.

Here is what the Army and Navy special service officers have told the Victory Book Campaign as to the kind of books needed: (1) current best-sellers and fiction and popular non-fiction from about 1930 on; (2) adventure, westerns, mysteries. These are described by camp librarians as the most sought after of all books; (3) technical books published since 1935. There is an obvious reason for this, because most technological books soon become dated in these days of great scientific and inventive advance. (4) humorous books; and (5) small-sized editions of popular titles. Apropos of this last request, I know a great many people who buy the little 25c pocket books and then pass them on for the Army and Navy. This is a good idea for those who may have books which they do not desire to give away. And so, let us go over our libraries and meet our goal as we did last year.

Before the drive closes we will have another "Give-a-Book Night" at one

of the Wednesday evening book lectures. An announcement of this will be made prior to the event. You may take your books to any branch of the Chicago Public Library or to the main building in the loop. Because of driving restrictions it will probably be impossible for books to be picked up from any other points, except those books which will be brought to the church, and we will make arrangements to deliver them to the library ourselves.

* * *

Wednesday evening, December 30th, because of many conditions which you will recall, many people were unable to attend my lecture in which I reviewed Herbert Agar's book, "A Time For Greatness." The lecture was given holiday week, on a severe winter's night, and there were many interferences with attendance. There have been so many requests on the part of people who could not come, that I have decided for the second time in the ten years of the book lectureship, to repeat a book review, and so, on Wednesday evening, February 3rd, I am going to repeat that book lecture. The remaining February books are published on page three in this issue of the Liberalist.

* * *

In my weekly book review which is published every Sunday in The Chicago Sun, I reviewed a little book which I am going to mention here because of the many letters which have been written me asking for a good book of the daily-devotional type for the people in the services of the country. There is such a book and it is almost ideal. It is entitled "Strength For Service to God and Country" and is edited by Chaplain Norman E. Nygaard, who is now somewhere on foreign soil with a Lockheed overseas unit. It is one of the most admirable books of its kind ever published. It is

small, compact, bound in khaki color, sturdy in its format, with very legible print. There is a page for each day in the year, a text from the Bible, a brief exposition and prayer, and each day is written by a different leader, minister or layman. It is wholly non-denominational in character. I keep a copy of it on my own study desk and read it every day. There are no theological controversies, no bromidic phrases, and no involved theological ideas are presented. Every page is helpful, simple, effective, spiritual, dynamic and inspiring. If you are thinking of a book to give to anyone in service, this is the book. It only costs 75c, or \$7.50 for a dozen copies. It is published by the Abingdon-Cokesbury Press of New York and Nashville, and I think you will have no difficulty getting a copy in any book store or book department of any department store. I am trying to work out a plan whereby a copy will be sent to every one of the men and women on the service roll of our church. Nothing like it that I know of has ever been published by the military forces.

* * *

The last time I was in Copenhagen, Denmark, our American Minister was Ruth Bryan Owen. She invited Mr. Hermsdorf and myself to a reception in the American Legation. It was a very interesting and joyful occasion, for I had an opportunity of talking with her about her distinguished father, William Jennings Bryan, and about conditions in general. Since then, Mrs. Owen has re-married and is now living in Alderson, West Virginia. She married a Danish gentleman and is now Mrs. Borge Rohde. She has always been interested in public affairs, and in ability, spirit and culture is not unlike her distinguished father. She has just written a very interesting book entitled "Look Forward, Warrior," in

which she gives a constitution for the union of nations to be brought into existence after the war is over. I find her book of exceptional interest, not because I am in accord with all of her ideas, but because it indicates the kind of thinking which is going on in the world today. It has great significance. Her idea for the constitution for a union of nations is based upon the constitution for the union of states, and whether you are in sympathy with that point of view or not, it is well for us all to know the various currents of thought. We are all interested in the post-war world. The issue will become increasingly acute and important in the next few years. We must attempt to create a favorable environment for the making of the next peace. This was the great tragedy of the last peace effort. Ruth Bryan Owen has written three interesting books: "Leaves From a Greenland Diary," "Denmark Caravan" and "The Castle in the Silver Wood." "Look Forward, Warrior," is published by Dodd, Mead & Company. Mrs. Owen is a practical idealist and has apparently done some constructive and analytical thinking about the post-war world. There is a validity about her idea, because of her own experience from childhood on. She has lived in the atmosphere of politics and international affairs all of her life and has also served in the United States Congress, having a membership on the Foreign Relations Committee. She also was the first woman minister to represent the United States abroad.

P. B.



DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE MONTH

From November 15th to December 15th

NOVEMBER

- 15—Two services. Peoples Church
- 16—Meeting with Sholem Asch
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Ravenswood Masonic Temple
- 17—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Austin Masonic Temple
- 18—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Board of Trustees Meeting
- 19—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Sauganash Community Church
- 20—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Annual Dinner North Side Animal Shelter. Rogers Park Woman's Club
- 21—Address. Chicago Woman's Club. Celebrity Day
Luncheon Meeting. I. W. L. A. Hotel LaSalle
Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program
- 22—Two Services. Peoples Church
- 23—Meeting. Illinois State Normal School Board. Hotel LaSalle
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Nettlehorst P. T. A.
- 24—Radio Address. WGN
Address. DeWitt Clinton P. T. A.
- 25—Address. Office Staff. Jewel Tea Co. Thanksgiving Luncheon. Barrington, Ill.
Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 26—Thanksgiving Service. Peoples Church. Broadcast by WJJD
Radio Address. WGN
- 27—Address. Executives' Club. Sherman Hotel
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Refugee Service. Emil G. Hirsch Center

- 28—Luncheon. Saturday Evening Club
Introduced Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas, author, at Field's luncheon Party.
Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program
- 29—Two Services. Peoples Church
- 30—Radio Address. WGN
Symposium. Ner Tamid Congregation

DECEMBER

- 1—Radio Address. WGN (by transcription)
Address Kalamazoo Teacher's College, Kalamazoo, Michigan
- 2—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Address. Opening Peoples Church Bazaar
- 3—Radio Address. WGN
Attendance Peoples Church Bazaar
- 4—Volunteers of America
Radio Address. WGN
Attendance at Church Bazaar
- 5—Address. Deans of Women's Colleges of Illinois. Palmer House
Radio Address. WLS. Home Front Program
- 6—Two services Peoples Church
- 7—Address. Chicago Culture Club
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Russian War Relief. North Park College
- 8—Radio Address. WGN
Introduced Cecil Brown at People's Forum. Peoples Church
- 9—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
- 10—Address. Chicago Public Library
Radio Address. WGN
- 11—Address. Chicago Recreation Council. Hotel Sherman
Radio Address. WGN

Commencement Address. Henry
George School of Social Science
12—Opening Address "Freedom Fair."
Sherman Hotel
Radio Address. WLS. Home Front
Program

13—Two services. Peoples Church
14—Address. Association of Commerce. South Bend, Indiana
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Men's Club. Congregation Am-Echod

Christenings

NOVEMBER

15—Janice Marie Jacobsen, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jacobsen

DECEMBER

6—Craig Pfannkuche, son of Mr. and

Mrs. Louis Pfannkuche

25—Dennis Frank Derda, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Frank Derda

27—Susan Jane Johnson, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson

Weddings

NOVEMBER

21—Robert Nelson and
Minnie Zuardi
William C. Morrison and
Mrs. Marie Benz
26—William Clark Daffron and
Martha Jane Hamilton
28—Bob Baud and
Lois Weigert
A. A. Eustaphieve and
Marian E. Larsen
George Earl and
Wava M. Rex

DECEMBER

5—Ben L. Berve and
Mrs. Ethel Melvin
6—Howard Mayberry and
Virginia Lee
9—Roy Berndt and
Christine Noa
12—Morton A. Alshuler and
Elizabeth Van Sickle
A. A. Milligan and
Jeanne Welch

Funerals

NOVEMBER

19—George Fisher
21—Mrs. Susan Myers
27—Charles Henry Wiggins
Frank Link
Jay Sims Wilkins

DECEMBER

2—Hannah Robinson
Peter F. Marquette
Herman Ferrari
5—Madeline Scott
8—Milo Westbrooke

9—E. Anderson
Mrs. Ellen S. Johnson
10—Richard Koenig
George Soli
14—Mrs. Lillian Campbell
17—Ernest Heg
18—Emil Rohde
21—Ray Raymond
22—Luz Jacus
23—Kathryn Lattig Quinn
Bernard C. Eccles
26—Conrad J. Neumann

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**OCT. 20th—"THE WORLD IN REVIEW"—A SYM-
POSIUM**

Dr. Preston Bradley, Philosopher
M. W. Fodor, Historian
Samuel Grafton, Journalist
Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Economist

**NOV. 17th—"FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD"
—A DEBATE**

Mortimer Adler and Bertrand Russell
Outstanding Philosophic Writers

**DEC. 8th—"I SAW IT MYSELF"—Ace Far-Eastern
Correspondent Cecil Brown**

**JAN. 5th—" 'CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO"—
Boake Carter**

Journalist, radio commentator, author

**JAN. 19th—"AT THE RINGSIDE OF HISTORY"—
H. R. Knickerbocker**

Dean of War Correspondents

**FEB. 16th—"THE MILITARY PANORAMA"—Major
George Fielding Eliot**

MAR. 2nd—"THE THEATRE OF ANGNA ENTERS"

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gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send \$1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now nearing its Twentieth Anniversary, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your \$1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlsen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ

Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran

Charles Fuss
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Plumley
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnoor
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch

*Killed in action.

**Reported missing at sea.

Church Activities



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock
Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock
Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
Every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT....Every Tuesday and Thursday in Channing Hall—
9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....Monday, Jan. 4th, 1:00 p.m.—Mid-Season Tea—Edgewater Beach Hotel. Monday, Jan. 11th, 1:00 p.m.—Reciprocity Day—Legislation—Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Chairman. Monday, Jan. 25th, 1:00 p.m.—International Relations Day—Mrs. Ora Holmes, Chairman. Public Welfare Reports—Mrs. Frank Bryan, Chairman. Monday, Feb. 8th, 1:00 p.m.—Birthday and New Members' Party. Monday, Feb. 22nd, 1:00 p.m.—Literature Day, Mrs. Roy H. Munson, Chairman. Lenore Brown—Portraits Americana.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Monday, Jan. 11th—Santa Fe Travelogue. Monday, Jan. 25th—Program by Social Committee—Gladys Thorell, Chairman. Monday, Feb. 8th, 8:00 p.m.—Dr. Preston Bradley—Book Review. Feb. 22nd, 8:00 p.m.—George Washington Birthday and Card Party, Betty Porter, Chairman.

MEN'S CLUB....Meets every fourth Monday, Channing Hall, 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.....Meets every first and third Tuesday

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, Channing Hall, 4:00 o'clock. Plays—To be given as announced. Studio—410 South Michigan Avenue—Webster 2123.

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